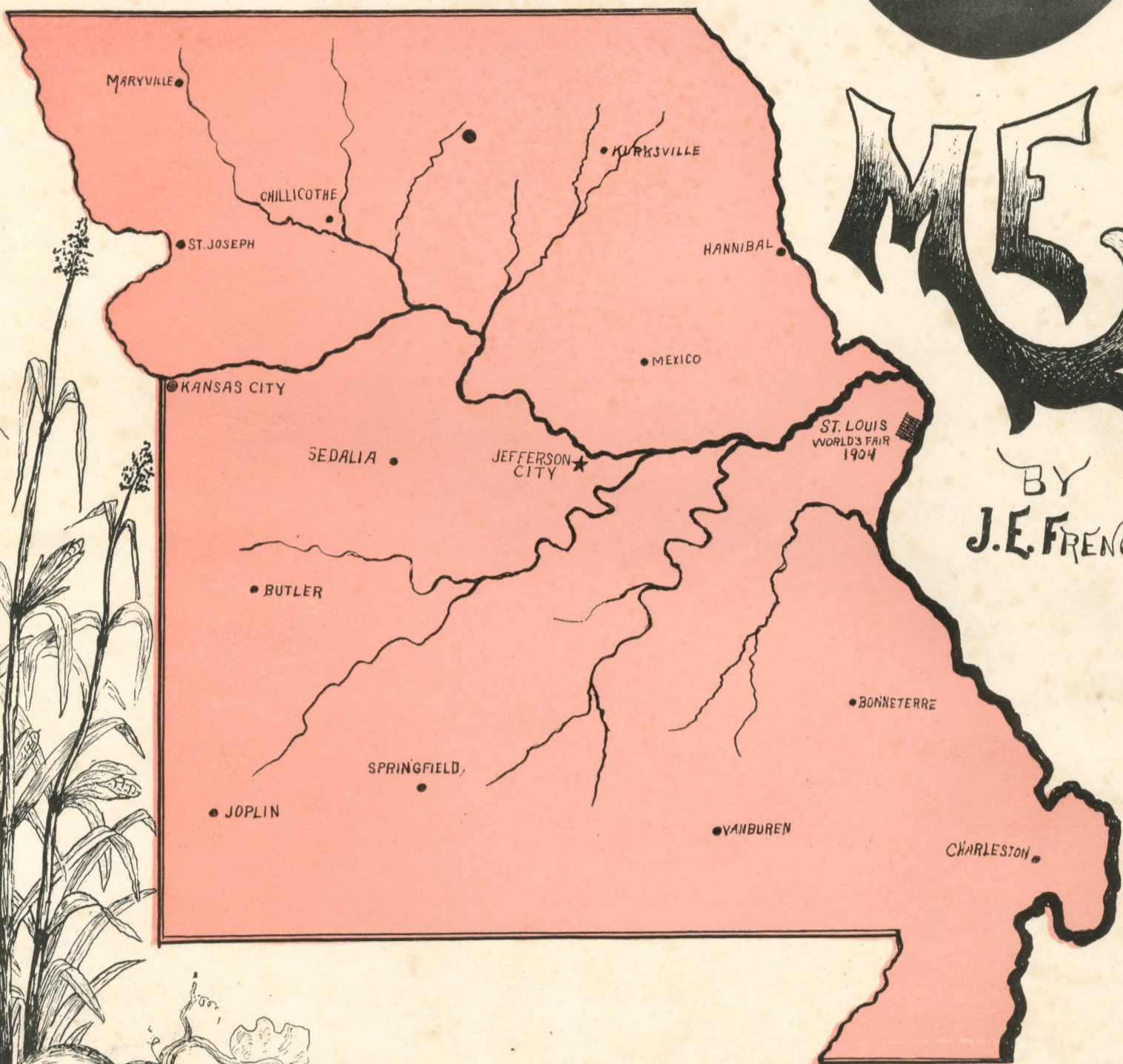


# YOU MUST SHOW



BY  
J.E. FRENCH



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**ENCORE VERSE.**

You may wander from Atlantic to Pacific's Golden Gate,

And travel o'er the land from sea to sea

Send the word to Old Missouri when you find a better state,

For you must, yes you must, show me.

'Tis the land of milk and honey, of the pumpkin and the corn,

Where the lowing herds are winding o'er the lea,

Then Hurrah for Old Missouri! don't forget to blow your horn,

For you must, yes you must, show me.



# YOU MUST SHOW ME.

Words and Music by

J. E. FRENCH.

**Tempo di Schottische.**

I was down in old Mis-sou-ri not so ver-y long a-go, For  
I met a blush-ing maid-en at a Mis-sou-ri fair, She was

*mf*

I'm an hon-est drum-mer don't you see, I  
hand-some, she was jol-ly as could be, I

called up-on a mer-chant with a thing that's all the go, But he  
told her I was sin-gle, and I was a mil-lion-aire, But she

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said You'll have to first show me      Your talk is ver - y pleasing, and your  
 said You'll have to first show me      Then I told her how I loved her she should

man - ner ver - y kind and your smile is some-thing win-ning I'll a-  
 be my hap - py bride we would wan - der o - ver moun-tains, plain, and

gree,      But you're down in old Mis - sou - ri, keep it  
 sea,      Her smile was some-thing charm-ing as she

ev - er in your mind, So you must, yes you must show me.  
 laugh-ing - ly re - plied Oh you must yes you must show me.



**Chorus.**

Oh you must, yes you must, show me, Oh you

must, yes you must, show me, When you're down in old Mis-sou-ri keep it.

ev - er in your mind, For you must yes you must show me.

**Interlude or Dance.**

*mf - f*



